

## LITERARY NOTES, BOOK REVIEWS AND COMMENTS ON THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Peeps Into the Latest Magazines and What Is Going on Among Authors—Suggestions to the Busy Housekeeper Who Is Trying to Make Home Attractive.

## CURRENT LITERATURE FOR BUSY READERS

## THE IDEAL SCHOOLMASTER.

Should Be Eminent Just, Absolutely True and Always a Boy at Heart.

"A schoolmaster should, above all else, be a man eminently just, absolutely true, and one who has been, is, and always will be, a boy at heart," writes Caroline Lee Hild in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "Such a man will not only deserve and command his pupils' love and respect, but will have, also, a knowledge of human nature which will enable him to discriminate wisely as to draw his lines of limitation straight and clear. Such a man has his rights. His work begins at a fixed point, and the material for that work should have been properly prepared before presenting it. It is too much to expect that, taking in hand fifty or a hundred odd boys already on the outer verge of childhood, he should do for them not only his own work, but also what their parents ought to have been doing for them from their cradles. Yet often this has not been done; more often it has been badly done, with the result of overwork and anxiety to the master, weariness and discouragement to the pupil, a loss to both which can never be made good."

## Genuine Funeral Customs in Athens.

The possibility of getting an unexpected view of the corpse, which is carried exposed in a shallow coffin, renders a Greek funeral procession a spectacle which nervous foreigners would do well to avoid. Old men and women arrayed in sombre black, young girls and children in white and half buried in flowers—the dead are thus borne for the last time through the streets of the city which has been their home. You are, perhaps, stopping at one of the hotels, and hear the solemn music of the dead march. You run to the window and look down, and there, turned toward you in the awful calm of death, is a face of marble whiteness, and a rigid form, the poor, helpless hands crossed upon the breast. In former times high dignitaries of the Church were borne to the grave seated in a chair placed upon an elevated platform. But this display was too spectacular even for the Athenians, and it was finally abandoned. The coffin, upholstered with richly-embroidered silk and hung with a huge wreath, is carried at the head of the procession, which derive additional pomp from the numerous lanterns and symbols of the Church, held high in air. Priests, relatives, and mourners follow on foot, and the men sitting at the cafes or in the open doors raise their hats and cross themselves as the corpse passes. In the case of an officer in the army his charger, caparisoned in black, is led with him on this last expedition of all.—February Scribner's.

## Among the Hills.

I have hid me once again,  
Far above the roofs of men,  
Far above the sun of strife,  
Beating on the reefs of life.

Only nature's solemn psalm  
Pulses through these vasts of calm;  
Only nature's epic mood  
Permeates this solitude.

On these soaring heights withdrawn,  
I am one with dusk and dawn;  
One with all the winds that stir,  
With sun and moon and star.

How remote all substance seems  
In this company of dreams!  
Ah, to dwell with visions still!  
On this heavenward lifting hill!

—Clinton Scollard, in Munsey's.

## When London Lacked Police.

A hundred years ago, there was no police in the streets of London, and such incidents were possible as the following, which Sir Walter Scott chronicles in the February Century.

There is a story belonging to the year 1790 or thereabout which illustrates the absolute lawlessness of the mob. A man living in Wapping, near the Tower of London, which was always garrisoned by troops, gave offense to his neighbors by complying with some obnoxious law. He received a warning that they in-

tended to attack him, by which they meant they were going to murder him. The man had the bull-dog courage of his time; he sent away his wife and children; got a friend as brave as himself to join him; closed his lower shutters and barricaded his door; then laid in ammunition, brought in and loaded two guns one for himself and one for his friend. At nightfall the attacking party arrived, armed with guns and stones. They began with a volley of the latter, but the besieged paid no attention; they then fired at the windows, and while they were loading again, the besieged let fly among them, and killed or wounded two or three. They retired in confusion, but returned in larger numbers and with greater fury. All night long the unequal combat raged. When their ammunition was

killed or wounded, and no inquiry was made. Can any story more clearly indicate the abandonment of the people to their own devices?

## Destruction of Fish Trade of the Lakes.

The pound is the biggest and most destructive of "catch-on-silver" traps. It consists of several parts, the largest of which, known as the "lead" or "leader," is sometimes a thousand feet in length. Unlike the gill net, it is made of coarse cotton twine, soaked in tar, bound with stout rope and held in position by tall poles known as "young stakes." In deep water it is sometimes necessary to splice these stakes once or twice, in order to make them reach the bottom, and a depth of ninety or one hundred feet marks the

mandated that a gentleman accept a challenge or acknowledge himself a coward on a sharply upon ethics; now that it has gone out of fashion to kill, gentlemen find small difficulty in keeping the sixth commandment. The less formal etiquette becomes, the less wanton taking of life there is among those who consider good breeding of consequence. As the civilized races now stand, either man or woman can be refined regardless of the shape of hat he or she wears. This was true in any century, but two hundred years ago, and back of that period, a gentleman and lady could, according to approved etiquette, gobble food with their hands from a common dish set in the centre of a dining-table, and filled with the entire fashionable bill of fare prepared for the occasion. Gratefully we now acknowledge such proceedings to be "bad form," and in so doing pronounce ourselves two centuries removed from polite manners of swine and one point away from that brute, no matter how similar to him our turn of mind may remain in some other respects.—National Magazine.

## Executive Women.

"Whenever I hear of one speaking disparagingly of the executive ability of a woman I am moved to mirth," remarked a Western hotel man, who is visiting here for a few weeks. He held a newspaper, from which he had been reading an account of a dinner at which the speeches had turned on women as organizers, and his comment was drawn out by the statement of one speaker who was of the opinion that the sex, as a sex, was unfitted for exacting positions of "profit and emolument."

"I'll tell of my own experience," he continued. "I have the largest hotel in my town and I have a woman for a manager. When she engaged her I told her that every time she succeeded in cutting expense account without lowering the tone of the establishment it meant something to her."

"At the end of the first week she came to me and told me that the marketing bill was much too high. She further said she intended finding out why it was too high. I told her to go ahead and find out. Some time later she told me the house was being systematically over-charged, but that the thing had been going on so long and was so true of every hotel in the land that all concerned had come to look on it as legitimate."

"Then she told me it was the fee system. It seems that on every grocery's bill, every butcher's bill, every baker's bill and throughout the entire list of those who supplied my house the steward received a percentage. She said she was convinced that the steward did not look on this as a dishonest method of making money. It was simply a prerogative of his office."

"She changed all that. The steward left in a huff. She did the marketing herself for a while, refused the offers of the merchants and insisted on being billed at the legitimate figure. Now she has another steward who has to keep close to the mark. She has saved me nearly thousands of dollars and is well worth the salary I give her."

"All through my section women are coming to the front as executives. They drive much better bargains than do men. A man will accept something he doesn't want or pay a bigger price than is necessary for what he does not want to avoid being bothered. But a woman glories in trade, and she has to be given the right thing at the right price before she purchases. If you want proof of this watch the customers at any counter of any store. The men will come in, take the first article that catches their eye, pay for it and get away. The women will spend considerable time in careful selection, and when they have bought something you can rest satisfied they get value received."

"The late Chas. Coghlan had the right idea about woman's executive ability when he wrote 'Madame' for his sister to play in. The character was that of a woman pawn broker, who was wonderfully successful. Then there was a Virginia Courthouse, in which the leading woman was a banker. The playwrights are keen judges, and the rest of the world will believe in time in woman's gray matter."

"Cream the Italian Favorite." "Two creams," said the bright little shopper, as she set herself back in the comfortable chair and went on telling her friend what a great bargain she had just driven; how, in fact, she had secured a \$25 bonnet for just \$10, "because it was getting a little late in the season."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the waiter. "What kind will you have? There are chocolate and strawberry and vanilla and peach and Neapolitan and all kinds of water ices. The strawberry is made of fresh berries, ma'am," he added, cruditely.

"The little woman permitted herself the delivery of just one more caustic, scornful glance at the big waiter, and he was withered on the spot. Then she remarked, impersonally: "I fancy you are a new waiter. Kindly ask the head waiter to step here."

The withered waiter withdrew from the vicinity of the scornful eyes and held a troubled conference with the chief functionary. Listened attentively, then smiled, said something to his subordinate and hurried over to the table occupied by the two ladies.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Blank," he said. "The man is new to the hotel. I have explained to him. It shan't happen again, ma'am."

When the waiter reappeared he carried on a dainty tray two inviting and finely-iced cream cakes. Then he bowed and the little shopper took one glass and her friend took the other. They sipped their liquid much as the after-dinner bon vivants sip their liquor. When they had drained their glasses the little shopper poured the cream over the other's glass. "Do you mind telling me what those ladies were drinking?" asked a man who, at a table palm-hidden and near by, had witnessed the little incident.

"Just what they asked for," said the head waiter. "Cream, not ice-cream, but just cream." They come in here every time they go shopping down-town, which is pretty often. One of the ladies is the wife of a wealthy real estate man, and the other is a young man who is going to be wealthy some day," he continued, with the easy familiarity of head waiters.

"But these are only two. There are scores of ladies who come in here every day to get their cream. They have a way that it tends to make them plump and enrich their blood. I don't know whether it does or not, but I do know that it is only the slender ones that call for it. They usually drink only one glass. Cream is good stuff, but it's mighty rich, and you can't drink it like as if it was wine or spirits."

And the head waiter was sober as a judge as he made the announcement.

## MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX

## Four Life Principles.

Four things a man must learn to do, if he would make his record true—Think without confusion clearly; Love his fellow men sincerely; Act from honest motives purely, And trust in God securely.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

As Through a Glass. "We are putting eye-glasses into lognettes," announced the jeweler clerk who goes home to luncheon. Of the other boarders, the young man from the bank was the only one who expressed interest. "Why, I thought you always did that," he said. "What is a lognette for if it isn't to hold eye-glasses?"

The jeweler smiled contentedly. He just doted on imparting information. He would have enjoyed posing as the autocrat of the table, only no one but the young man from the bank ever appeared entertained or instructed by his observations. Now and then the girl student acknowledged his presence and conversation, but at such times it was usually to disagree with him that she spoke. This time the jeweler clerk said: "Yes, you would be surprised to know how many real glasses we are fitting to the lognettes this season. I thought you knew that in the past the great majority of lognettes were simply for ornamentation and not necessarily for utility. It has been the fashion for women to wear these daintily enameled productions—the girl art-student here whispered to the man who dabbled in socks on margins that the jeweler clerk talked like a guide-book—to get off the rest of their costume. They wore them just as they wore the chateaus, and as they later wore what is loosely known as the 'dingle dangle'."

"In preparing a child's portable luncheon particular effort should be made to have it dainty in appearance. People think hungry children will eat anything—and so they will, most of them—but it is not better to accustom them to seeing food neatly and carefully served?"

"Sandwiches are always suitable for lunch baskets, because they can be so easily carried. To keep them from drying, wrap in paraffined paper. Meat sandwiches are not as wholesome where children have meat at dinner, as those made of fruit, eggs or fish. Delicious sandwiches are those made of whole wheat bread, with cream cheese; with the addition of a few chopped nuts, a little orange marmalade or a bit of jam. Lettuce sandwiches with a little mayon-

your children. Remember, too, that children need something more than mere restraint and government; they need love, fellowship and sympathy in order to allow the budding faculties to grow. As children learn conduct by direct instruction, they should have their models constantly before them, and they must be supplied by the persons who help to form the environment. It will, therefore, not do to act in one way and instruct in another, to have one standard for oneself and quite another for them. Yet this is what parents and guardians with more or less pretense regularly do. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

What About the Lunch? Mothers and boarding-house keepers always find the portable lunch question a vexatious one. So also do the wives of workmen. A writer in the New York Tribune, speaking of the child's lunch, says: "Nothing can exceed a child's delight in opening his basket to be surprised by some particular tidbit which mother has slipped in for the child's delectation."

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feet and their curls and their round faces like the moon. "The chains and the bracelets and the muffs. "The head bands and the tablets and the earrings. "The rings and the nose jewels and the mantles and the wimples and the crisping pins. "The glasses and the hoods and the veils."

If it was thought worth while to put all these directions in the Bible, why would it not be as well to have some provision in regard to the matter of the canon and civil laws, and men in high places give some directions to their daughters in this line?

A student in one of our city colleges, not long since, going to the blackboard in East Twenty-ninth Street, near Madison Avenue, and to have definitely decided to put up a modern hotel big enough to hold 500 women and make them comfortable. The project has been hanging in the air for some time, and it is now that it will now be put through is quite convincing yet. It is said that the company has subscriptions amounting to \$300,000 with which to start. Similar hotels are avowed to be in successful operation in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore, but possibly one that does not assure success in New York. The idea is to furnish better board and lodging to lone working women than they can get elsewhere. There are 30,000 or 70,000 self-supporting women in New York, and they have not so wide a choice of lodgings as men have. For bachelor apartment-houses rise up now by the dozens in all parts of the town, but comparatively few apartment-houses set rooms to unmarried women, and in those that do the rents are usually higher than working women can afford. The projectors of this new hotel aim to provide board and lodging for their tenants at prices ranging from about \$2 a week up. They anticipate yearly receipts from their hotel of about \$75,000, with annual expenses of about \$70,000, which would give a good profit on their investment, if their calculations come true.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

## A Hotel for Women.

The Woman's Hotel Company, in New York, is reported to have bought land in East Twenty-ninth Street, near Madison Avenue, and to have definitely decided to put up a modern hotel big enough to hold 500 women and make them comfortable. The project has been hanging in the air for some time, and it is now that it will now be put through is quite convincing yet. It is said that the company has subscriptions amounting to \$300,000 with which to start. Similar hotels are avowed to be in successful operation in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore, but possibly one that does not assure success in New York. The idea is to furnish better board and lodging to lone working women than they can get elsewhere. There are 30,000 or 70,000 self-supporting women in New York, and they have not so wide a choice of lodgings as men have. For bachelor apartment-houses rise up now by the dozens in all parts of the town, but comparatively few apartment-houses set rooms to unmarried women, and in those that do the rents are usually higher than working women can afford. The projectors of this new hotel aim to provide board and lodging for their tenants at prices ranging from about \$2 a week up. They anticipate yearly receipts from their hotel of about \$75,000, with annual expenses of about \$70,000, which would give a good profit on their investment, if their calculations come true.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

## Rare Presents for Royalty.

When Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal of England, was married to the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, she was a young girl and her personal presents from English people were not numerous, though from her husband's German relatives she received much plate and jewelry. Six thousand girls of Great Britain gave her a copy of Bage's famous family Bible, bound in purple morocco, with clasps and corner-pieces engraved with the rose, shamrock and thistle. It was contained in a casket of English oak richly carved. A similar Bible has been given to each successive royal bride in England, says Cassell's Magazine. Among the jewels she received was a splendid set consisting of necklace, earrings, brooch and bracelet in opals and diamonds from her father and brother, the Prince of Wales. The King and Queen of Prussia sent her a beautiful diamond tiara, and the women of England gave a diamond, ruby and emerald bracelet, while the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, who was still alive then, presented her granddaughter with a huge ebony casket mounted in silver gilt and elaborately fitted up as a dressing-case and jewel-box for her treasures. The brushes were ivory backed, the combs of tortoise and the other items were silver gilt set with corals.

Maharajah Duleep Singh always liked to give presents a little out of the ordinary, and he bestowed on the young princess an exquisitely mounted opera glass, adorned with the eagle and crown of Prussia. This Oriental potentate gave the Princess of Wales a curious baguette-holder of carved crystal, set with pearls and corals. The stem was adorned with a band of emeralds and diamonds and a jeweled coronet, while a jeweled ball formed the end of the stem. A smaller and more personal present he made her was a pair of beautiful silver and gold embroidered slippers with a sprinkling of gems. These so delighted her she said she would be married in them—and she was.

## The Bride's Present.

The first duty of the present-day bride-to-be, when the question of her trousseau is to be considered, is to take into careful account the requirements of her husband's position; the necessities which his place in the world will entail upon her, and of entertaining on the one hand, or of practicing economy on the other. These obligations will vary in almost every case, as she marries a doctor, a clergyman, a professor, a missionary or a man whose position in the world entails many social obligations. When she enters these obligations into consideration she must balance them by another list, that containing the means which her father can provide her for meeting them. She ought to begin, then, with a pencil and paper, and then what she ought to have, and then what she can have, cutting off here and adding there.—Harper's Bazar.

## A Low-Look Ahead.

"Dr. Fourthly, do you think people in the next world will follow the same occupation they do in this?"

"I think it not unlikely, if the occupations are useful ones, as if they have enjoyed them on this earth. Why do you ask?"

"Because I was just wondering how much Battenbergs' lace my wife would turn out if she had nothing else to do for a million years."—Chicago Tribune.

The day has gone by when the guest had the pleasantest room in the house, comments the Philadelphia Times. Now the mothers' room and the living-room occupy the favored parts, while less desirable quarters are given to the drawing-room and the guest chamber. Said a young housewife, in reply to a remonstrance from her husband when she chose a room for her own: "I don't like the room for my own room, but I love my neighbors." "I am as myself, but I can never hope to have my 35¢ room as well. That I should certainly have to do if I devoted this room to her use for the one night that he will average in our house in a year, and that she will be in an unalterable room the remainder of the year."

Patient.—Th— said it was merely a strain. Doctor.—Well, that's one way to reduce a fracture.—Detroit Journal.



SPOTTED MUSLIN EVENING DRESS WITH CHANTILLY FLOUNCES TRIMMED WITH MUSLIN ROSES. (Copyright, 1901.)

all spent, the two men dropped out of a back window into a timber-yard, where they hid in a saw-pit. Observe that this battle lasted all through the night, close to the Tower, where the firing of the guns must have been heard. Yet no soldiers were sent out to stop it till the morning, when the mischief was done and the house was sacked. Furthermore, no one was afterward arrested, no one was punished save the men who were

extreme limit of the net's usefulness. The leader is so arranged as to form a straight wall of netting reaching from shore far out into the open lake, or perhaps across a channel. When the fish comes within this obstruction in his chosen path he seldom becomes tangled in its meshes as he would in those of a gill net, for the twine is so coarse that it is easily seen and avoided. Neither does he turn around and go back the way he came, for that seems to be contrary to his principles and habits. Instead he tries to find a way around, and so follows the leader to its outer end, where it takes him into a heart-shaped chamber, whose walls are also of netting. The easiest way out of this chamber is by a funnel-shaped passage, which leads him into the "pot," an immense bag often twenty-five or thirty feet square, and there he stays till the fisherman comes for him.

In two ways the pounds proved especially destructive of young fish. Not only were the meshes of the nets smaller, as a general thing, than those of the gill nets, but they were of necessity set in comparatively shallow water, never more than one hundred feet in depth, and it seems to be the habit of the whitefish to spend the first few years of their lives in these shallow waters, moving out, as they grow older, into the deeper portions of the lakes, where only the gill nets can be used. And so the new weapon did its deadly work, and the geese were killed before they had even begun to lay their golden eggs.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

## Anecdotes of Confucius.

Flaws in thy trappings may be taken away. But in thy words—indeed they are they!

To go too far, even in a worthy aim, Like fading short, is also cause for blame.

The tongue of falsehood all wise men deplore: Its tales outrun a speedy coach and four.

The leopard's skin, stripped of its glossy hair, Is no worse than a dog's, or sheep's made bare.

No promise that you make no words you say, Should miss fulfillment on an early day.

Reform the evil that you daily do If you would make your followers good and true.

To know of weaving, ask the maiden how; And of the laborer all about the plow.

"Tis just as bad if none should give you blame As if a crowd your virtue should proclaim.

Plain poverty is painful to abide, Or even riches, without showing pride.

—Home Magazine.

## The History of Etiquette.

Etiquette is a form of fashion more important than style in dress for the reason that the varying codes of manners have influenced morals—something changing the cut of a coat cannot be said to have done. When etiquette de-



EBEN HOLDEN. A Tale of the North Country. By Irving Bacheller. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. Bound in cloth; 12mo.; gilt top; 422 pages. Price, \$1.50.

"Eben Holden" follows the fortunes of an orphan boy from his childhood to manhood. The boy, now a man, tells the story. It begins with the loss of parents by a sudden stroke of ill fortune in a home among the Vermont hills and the flight of the old man who has worked for the family, carrying the boy upon his back, thus saving him from charitable neighbors who desire to put the lad in the workhouse. This old man, who is the personification of unselfish devotion, gives his name to the book. He finds a home for himself and the boy in Northern New York, and then the boy grows up and falls in love. He goes to the city, seeking his fortune, and after discouraging failures, secures a position in the Tribune, then under Greeley's management. He gives up his position to join the ranks of the Union army, where he distinguishes himself by his valor and courage, his home happiness and honor among his old friends.

The author tells us that the characters of the book are mostly men and women he has known, so they must be true to life and types of the sturdy New Englanders of the past generation. The book has had a most phenomenal circulation and praise from the highest literary authorities, but individually the writer fails to find the charm of the book. We look at portraits of persons unknown to us and of some we say instinctively "that is a speaking likeness." The touch of the master carries conviction of its fidelity. It is the same in literature. Of some writers we say "their characters live before me," and of others we say "that is a speaking likeness."

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